



J. G. S. 1750.



J. G. S. 1754

THE
ORPHAN:

OR, THE

Unhappy Marriage.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Thomas Otway.

*Qui pelago credit, magno se scemore tollit ;
Qui pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro ;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet ebrius Ostro,
Et qui sollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat ;
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pennis,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes. Pet. Arb.*

L O N D O N :

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M. DCC. LVII.



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To Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS.

MADAM,

AFTER having a great while wish'd to write something that might be worthy to lay at Your Highness's Feet, and finding it impossible: Since the World has been so kind to me to judge of this Poem to my Advantage, as the most pardonable Fault which I have made in its Kind; I had fin'd against myself, if I had not chosen this Opportunity to implore (what my Ambition is most fond of) Your Favour and Protection.

For tho' Fortune would not so far bless my Endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highness's Presence, when this came into the World: Yet I cannot but declare it was my Design and Hopes, it might have been Your Divertisement in that happy Season, when You return'd again to cheer all those Eyes that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all Hearts that had droop'd for Your absence: When Wit ought to have paid its choicest Tributes in, and Joy have known no Limits; then I hop'd my little Mite would not have been rejected; tho' my ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a greater Honour, by Your Royal Highness's Absence, than all the Applauses of the World besides can make me Reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought myself not quite unhappy, so long as I had Hopes this Way yet to recompence my Disappointment past; when I consider'd also, that Poetry might claim Right to a little Share in Your Favour: For *Tasso* and *Ariosto*, some of the best have made their Names eternal, by transmitting to After-Ages the Glory of Your Ancestors; and under the spreading of that Shade, where two of the best have planted their Laurels, how honour'd should I be, who am the worst, if but a Branch might grow for me!

The DEDICATION.

I dare not think of offering any thing in this Address, that might look like a Panegyrick, for Fear lest, when I have done my best, the World should condemn me, for saying too little, and You Yourself check me, for meddling with a Task unfit for my Talent.

For the Description of Virtues and Perfections so rare as Yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate as skilful a Hand: The Features must be drawn very fine, to be like; hasty Dawbing will but spoil the Picture, and make it so unnatural, as must want false Light to set it off: And Your Virtue can receive no more Lustre from Praises, than Your Beauty can be improv'd by Art; which, as it charms the bravest Prince that ever amaz'd the World with his Virtue: So, let but all other Hearts enquire into themselves, and then judge how it ought to be praised.

Your Love too, as none but that great Hero, who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular Lot from Heaven, was destin'd to so extraordinary a Blessing, so matchless for itself, and so wondrous for its Constancy, shall be remember'd to Your immortal Honour, when all other Transactions, in the Age You live in, shall be forgotten.

But I forget, that I am to ask Pardon for the Fault I have been all this While committing. Wherefore, I beg Your Highness to forgive me this Presumption, and that You will be pleas'd to think well of one, who cannot help resolving, with all the Actions of his Life, to endeavour to deserve it: Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may, thro' Your's, never want an Advocate in his Favour, whose Heart and Mind you have so entire a Share in: It is my only Portion and my Fortune. I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but Hopes I may enjoy it, and I must be miserable, should it ever be my ill Fate to lose it.

This with eternal Wishes for Your Royal Highness's Content, Happiness, and Prosperity, in all Humility is presented by

Your Obedient and Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO You, great Judges in this writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble Thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling, and afraid
Of what is to his Want of Merit due,
And aw'd by ev'ry Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you will be kind,
And spare those many Faults you needs must find.
You to whom Wit a common Foe is grown,
The Thing you scorn, and publickly disown;
Though now, perhaps, y'are here for other Ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne'er call'd ye yet insipid Tools;
Nor wrote one Line to tell ye you were Fools:
But says of Wit ye have so large a Store,
So very much, you never will have more,
He ne'er with Libels treated yet the Town,
The Names of honest Men bedaub'd and shown:
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless Life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife.
Satire's the Effect of Poetry's Disease,
Which, sick of a lewd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only Strife should be to please;
Since of ill Fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn,
And Happiness again begins to dawn;
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drew Fears hence, ne'er brought 'em Home.
Oft has he plow'd the boist'rous Ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing Shore,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Laurels flourish'd on his Brow;
And he comes crown'd with Olive Branches now:
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the Blessings which he recommends;
Such Quiet as your Foes shall ne'er destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your Hands for Joy.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Acasto, a Nobleman retir'd from the Court, and living privately in the Country. } Mr. Gillow.

Castalio, } His Sons. } Mr. Betterton.
Polydore, } } Mr. Williams.

Chamont, a young Soldier of Fortune. Mr. Smith.

Ernesto, } Servants in the Family. } Mr. Norris.
Paulino, } } Mr. Wiltshire.

Cordelio, *Polydore's* Page. A little Girl.

Chaplain. Mr. Percival.

W O M E N.

Monimia, the Orphan left under the Guardianship of old *Acasto*. } Mrs. Barry.

Serina, *Acasto's* Daughter. Mrs. Boteler.

Florella, *Monimia's* Woman. Mrs. Osborn.

SCENE BOHEMIA.

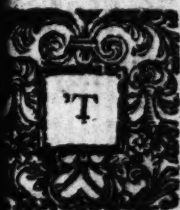


THE
ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paulino and Ernesto.

PAULINO.



IS strange, *Ernesto*, this Severity
Should still reign pow'rful in *Acasto's*
Mind,
To hate the Court, where he was bred;
and liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r
could give.

Ern. 'Tis true he hither came a private Gentleman,
at young and brave, and of a Family
ancient and noble, as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are justly his:
he has purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
an Army 'gainst the Rebels, and as often
return'd with Victory: The World has not
truer Soldier, or a better Subject.

Paul. It was his Virtue at first made me serve him;
he is the best of Masters, as of Friends:

I know

I know he has lately been invited thither ;
 Yet still he keeps his stubborn Purpose ; cries,
 He's old, and willingly would be at rest :
 I doubt there's deep Resentment in his Mind,
 For the late Slight his Honour suffer'd there. [borne,

Ern. Has he not Reason ? When for what he had
 Long, hard, and faithful Toil, he might have claim'd
 Places in Honour, and Employment high ;
 A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing Coward,
 A Canker-worm of Peace, was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds just Value for the King,
 Nor ever names him but with highest Reverence.
 'Tis noble that——

Ern. Oh ! I have heard him wanton in his Praise,
 Speak things of him might charm the Ears of Envy.

Paul. Oh may he live, 'till Nature's self grow old,
 And from her Womb no more can bless the Earth !
 For when he dies, farewell all Honour, Bounty,
 All generous Encouragement of Arts ;
 For Charity herself becomes a Widow :

Ern. No, he has two Sons, that were ordain'd to be
 As well his Virtue's, as his Fortune's Heirs.

Paul. They're both of Nature mild and full of Sweet-
 ness,

They came Twins from the Womb, and still they live
 As if they would go Twins too to the Grave :
 Neither has any thing he calls his own,
 But of each other's Joys as Griefs partaking ;
 So very honestly, so well they love,
 As they were only for each other born.

Ern. Never was Parent in an Offspring happier ;
 He has a Daughter too whose blooming Age
 Promises Goodness equal to her Beauty.

Paul. And as there is Friendship 'twixt the Brethren,
 So has her Infant Nature chosen too
 A faithful Partner of her Thoughts and wishes,
 And kind Companion of her harmless Pleasures.

Ern. You mean the beauteous Orphan, fair *Monimia* !

Paul. The same, the Daughter of the brave *Chamond* !
 He was our Lord's Companion in the Wars ;

Where

Where such a wond'rous Friendship grew between 'em.
As only Death could end : *Chamont's* Estate
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil Discords;
Therefore, unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Master's Care;
To such a Care, as she scarce lost a Father.

Ern. Her Brother to the Emperor's Wars went early,
To seek a Fortune, or a noble Fate;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty Marks of that great Prince's Favour.

Paul. Our Master never would permit his Sons
To launch for Fortune in th' uncertain World;
But warns 'em to avoid both Courts and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant Man,
To throw herself away on Fools and Knaves.

Ern. They have both forward, gen'rous, active Spirits:
Tis daily their Petition to their Father,
To send them forth where Glory's to be gotten;
They cry they're weary of their lazy Home,
Restless to do something that Fame may talk of.
To-day they chas'd the Boar, and near this Time
Should be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal Sport?
We yet may see the old Man in a Morning,
Lusty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,
And there pursue the Chase, as if he meant
To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Castalio, Polydore, and Page.

Cast. *Polydore!* our Sport
Has been To-day, much better for the Danger;
When on the Brink the foaming Boar I met,
And in his Side thought to have lodg'd my Spear,
The desp'rate Savage rush'd within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Pol. But then——

Cast. Ay then, my Brother, O my Friend *Polydore,*
Like *Perseus* mounted on his winged Steed,

Came

Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leapt
To save *Castalio*. 'Twas a god-like Act!

Pol. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh my Heart danc'd to see your Danger past!
The Heat and Fury of the Chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy.

Cast. So, *Polydore*, methinks we might in War
Rush on together; thou shouldst be my Guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How folsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank Diseases here at Home?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busy in the World, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless Dunghil Weed,
Fix'd to one Spot, and rot just as I grow.

Cast. Our Father——
Has ta'en himself a Surfeit of the World,
And cries, it is not safe that we should take it.
I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raise my Name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a Father,
I could not do a thing to cross his Will.

Pol. *Castalio*, I have Doubts within my Heart,
Which you, and only you can satisfy:
Will you be free and candid to your Friend?

Cast. Have I a Thought my *Polydore* should not know?
What can this mean?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest Bonds of faithful Friendship,
To shew your Heart as naked in this Point,
As you would purge you of your Sins to Heav'n.

Cast. I will.

Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the Suff'rance of a tender Friend.

Cast. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artist's Hand that ministers his Cure.

Pol.

Pol. That's kindly said. You know our Father's Ward,
The fair *Monimia*; Is your Heart at Peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?

Cast. Suppose I should?

Pol. Suppose you should not, Brother.

Cast. You'd say; I must not.

Pol. That would sound too roughly
'Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are.

Cast. Is Love a Fault?

Pol. In one of us it may be:
What if I love her?

Cast. Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preserve the Birth-right of my Passion.

Pol. You will?

Cast. I will.

Pol. No more; I've done.

Cast. Why not?

Pol. I told you I had done;
But you, *Castalio*, would dispute it.

Cast. No;

Not with my *Polydore*; though I must own
My Nature obstinate and void of Suff'rance.
Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspicions.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendship,
I am so much in Love, and fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you will break this Friendship!

Cast. Not for Crowns.

Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Woman's Toy.
Unjust *Castalio*!

Cast. Pr'ythee, where's my Fault?

Pol. You love *Monimia*.

Cast. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.

Cast. No, sure we're such Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

Pol. I doat upon *Monimia*.

Cast. Love her still;
Win and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cast. No Matter
Whose Chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed *Monimia*, would you?

Cast. Wed her!

No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
When I am old and weary of th' World,
I may grow desperate,
And take a Wife to mortify withal.

Pol. Is it an elder Brother's Duty so
To propagate his Family and Name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?

Cast. Mere Vanity and silly Dotage all:
No, let me live at large, and when I die—

Pol. Who shall possess the Estate you leave?

Cast. My Friend,
If he survives me; If not, my King,
Who may bestow't again on some brave Man,
Whose Honesty and Services deserve one.

Page. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cast. By yon Heav'n, I love
My *Polydore* beyond all worldly Joys,
And would not shock his Quiet, to be blest
With greater Happiness than Man e'er tasted.

Pol. And by that Heav'n eternally I swear,
To keep the kind *Castalio* in my Heart.
Whose shall *Monimia* be?

Cast. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last Night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But th' Opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the Scene of Love:
But have a Care, by Friendship I conjure thee,

That

That no false Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Use all thy Pow'rs to make thy Passion prosper;
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blast me if I do.

Cast. If't prove thy Fortune, *Polydore*, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the Arts of soft Persuasion!)
Trust me, and let me know thy Love's Success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my Soul than Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,
To great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Castalio*, I'd forget her.
For if ye Pow'rs have Happiness in Store,
When ye wou'd show'r down Joys on *Polydore*,
In one great Blessing all your Bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a Friend.

(*Ex. Cast. Pol. Manet Page.*)

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair Day
Seems as if sent to invite the World abroad.
Pass'd not *Castalio* and *Polydore* this Way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure my ill Fate's upon me.
Distrust and Heaviness sit round my Heart,
And Apprehension thocks my tim'rous Soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents? and at Rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into Cares.
Castalio! O *Castalio!* thou hast caught
My foolish Heart; and like a tender Child,
That trusts his Play-thing to another Hand,
I fear it's Harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, *Cordelio*. I must chide you, Sir.

Page. Why, Madam, have I done you any Wrong?

Mon. I never see you, now; you have been kinder;
Sat by my Bed, and sung me pretty Songs;
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's Money for you
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oftener?

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my Soul;
But in the Morning when you call me to you,
As by your Bed I stand and tell you Stories,
I am asham'd to see your swelling Breasts,
It makes me blush they are so very white.

Mon. Oh Men for Flatt'ry and Deceit renown'd!
Thus when y' are young ye learn it all like him,
'Till as your Years encrease, that strengthens too,
T'undo poor Maids, and make our Ruin easy.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly Converse, and their Bosom Secrets;
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?

Page. Oh Madam! very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I'm afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipt that tell their Master's Secrets.

Men. Fear not, *Cordelio*! it shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the Secret as if 'twere mine.

Polydore cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee for all thy harmless Sports
With pretty Toys, and thou shalt be my Page.

Page. And truly, Madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my Lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?

Mon. Inform me how thou hast heard
Castalio and his Brother, use my Name.

Page. With all the Tendernefs of Love;
You were the Subject of their last Discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other cool'd,
And yielded to the Frailty of his Friend;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd——

Mon. What, good *Cordelio*?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I would not have 'em, by my dearest Hopes;
I would not be the Argument of Strife.
But surely my *Castalio* won't forsake me,
And make a Mock'ry of my easy Love.
Went they together?

Page.

Page. Yes, to seek you, Madam,
Castalio promis'd *Polydore* to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his Wishes.

Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common Stake, a Prize for Love and Jest?
Was not *Castalio* very loth to yield it;
Or was it *Polydore*'s unruly Passion,
That heighten'd the Debate?

Page. The Fault was *Polydore*'s.
Castalio play'd with Love, and smiling shew'd
The Pleasure, not the Pangs of his Desire.
He said, no Woman's Smiles should buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying Thing.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if *Castalio*'s false.
Where is there Faith and Honour to be found?
Ye Gods that guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak, protect, and take me to your Care.
Oh but I love him! There's the Rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my Sex's Softness,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
I'll see *Castalio*, tax him with his Falshoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs,
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter Castalio and Polydore.

He comes, the Conqueror comes! lie still my Heart,
And learn to bear thy Injuries with Scorn.

Cast. Madam, my Brother begs he may have Leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly;
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My Lord *Castalio*!

Cast. Madam!

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? What means this Usage?
Why am I left with *Polydore* alone?

Cast. He best can tell you. Business of Importance
Calls me away; I must attend my Father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cast. But for a Moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise ; the Time has been,
When Business might have stay'd, and I been heard.

Cast. I could for ever hear thee ; but this Time
Matters of such odd Circumstances press me,
That I must go—— [Exit.

Mon. Then go, and if't be possible, for ever.
Well, my Lord *Polydore*, I guess your Business,
And read th' ill-natur'd Purpose in your Eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than Miser's Wealth,
To dying Men an Hour of added Life ;
If softest Wishes, and a Heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for Love disdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I must not bear it.

Pol. Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent !
Desire first taught us Words : Man, when created,
At first alone long wandered up and down,
Forlorn and silent as his Vassal Beasts ;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleasures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love.

Mon. The first created Pair, indeed, were blest.
They were the only Objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone ;
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me ?

Pol. Oh ! I could talk to thee for ever : Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear Eyes ; for every Glance they send
Darts through my Soul, and almost gives Enjoyment.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my Undoing ?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.
There always was a Friendship 'twixt our Families ;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity and his Bounty took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his Care.

Pol.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And those who taught it first were Hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my Knees by Heav'n's blest Pow'r I
swear, [Kneels.

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander thro' the World a Beggar,
And live on sordid Scraps at proud Men's Doors;
For though to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My Mother's Virtues, and my Father's Honour.

Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right; y' are always false,
Or silly; ev'n your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites; you think
Of nothing twice; Opinion you have none.
To-day y' are nice, To-morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
Virtue you affect, Inconstancy's your Practice;
And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast;
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down——

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
I own my Sex's Follies; I have 'em all,
And to avoid its Fault, must fly from you.
Therefore believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastick Woman's Wish could reach,
And lay all Nature's Riches at my Feet;
I'd rather run a Savage in the Woods,
Amongst brute Beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As Wildness and most rude Neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my Honour safe
From the destroying Wiles of faithless Men.— [Exit.

Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,

Enjoys

Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
 It shall be so ; I'll yet possess my Love,
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours ;
 Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
 And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,
 I'll very Minute when her Virtue nods,
 I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,
 Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
 Surfeit on Joys, till even Desire grows sick ;
 Then by long Absence Liberty regain,
 And quite forget the Pleasure and the Pain.

[Ex. Pol. and Page.



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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydore, Attendants.

Acast. **T**O-day has been a Day of glorious Sport.
When you, *Castalio*, and your Brother left me,
Forth from the Thickets rush'd another Boar,
So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,
They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back;
Foaming he came at me where I was posted,
Best to observe which Way he'd lead the Chace,
Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his Prey;
'Till brandishing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
With this bold executing Arm, I struck
The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.

Cast. The Actions of your Life were always wond'rous.

Acast. No Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't,
It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
Use to cajole and soften Fools withal.
If thou hast Flattery in thy Nature, out with't,
Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Pol. Why there?

Acast. 'Tis next to Money, current there;
To be seen daily in as many Forms
As there are Sorts of Vanities, and Men;
The superstitious Statesman has his Sneer
To smoothe a poor Man off with, that can't bribe him;
The grave dull Fellow of small Business sooths
The Humourist, and will needs admire his Wit:
Who without Spleen could see a hot brain'd Atheist
Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon;

Or

Or a grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the Hand, and praise his good Com-
plexion?

Pol. Courts are the Places where best Manners flourish.
Where the deserving ought to rise, and Fools
Make Show. Why should I vex and chafe my Spleen,
To see a gaudy Coxcomb shine, when I
Have seen enough to sooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to Advantage as I please? —

Acast. Who merit, ought indeed to rise i' the World,
But no wise Man that's honest should expect it.
What Man of Sense would rack his generous Mind,
To practise all the base Formalities
And Forms of Business, force a grave starch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?
Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin.
Such things are done —

Cast. Your Lordship's Wrongs have been
So great, that you with Justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger Minds ne'er felt
Fortune's Deceits, to court her as she's fair:
Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Worth would cease, and half the World grow idle.

Acast. Goto, y' are Fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long since to bear Revenge, or scorn my Wrong,
According to the Value of the Doer.

You both would fain be great, and to that End
Desire to do things worthy your Ambition.
Go to the Camp, Preferment's noblest Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the fairest Play, you'll
Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,
Almost in every Band: How many Men
Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's Service,
Yet now pine under Want, while selfish slaves;
That ev'n would cut their Throats, whom now they
fawn on,

Like deadly Locust eat the Honey up
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for?

Cast.

Cast. These Precepts suit not with my active Mind,
Methinks I would be busy.

Pol. So would I.

Not loiter out my Life at Home, and know
No farther than one Prospect gives me Leave,

Acast. Busy your Minds then, study Arts and Men,
Learn how to value Merit though in Rags,
And scorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter Serina, Monimia and Maid.

Ser. My Lord, my Father!

Acast. Blessings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome News:
The young *Chamont*, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd and entering.

Acast. By my Soul,
And all my Honours, he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter Chamont.

Welcome thou Relict of the best-lov'd Man,
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards
Of certain Danger, and uncertain Fortune;
Welcome, as happy Tidings after Fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full, [you.
That I should talk of nothing else all Day.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Oh my Sister! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms. I've not beheld thy Face
These many Days; by Night I've often seen thee
In gentle Dreams, and satisfy'd my Soul
With fancy'd Joys, 'till Morning Cares awak'd me;
Another Sister! sure it must be so;
Though I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel something in my Heart that prompts,
And tells me she has Claim and Interest there.

Acast. Young Soldier, you've not only study'd War,
Court-

Courtship, I see, has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

Cham. Is she your Daughter? then my Heart told true,
And I'm at least her Brother by Adoption:
For you have made your self to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have Leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me Men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love:
Is *Chamont* so? No, sure, he's more than Man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.

Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,
The Luxury of Courts, or Wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy through all the House this Day!
In every Room let Plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-Day of my Royal Master.
You have not visited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?

Cham. I have no Business there;
I have not slavish Temperance enough
T' attend a Fav'rite's Heels, and watch his Smiles,
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his Favour.

Acast. This you could do. [To his Sons.]

Cast. I'd serve my Prince.

Acast. Who'd serve him?

Cast. I would, my Lord.

Pol. And I; both would.

Acast. Away.

He needs not any Servants such as you.
Serve him! he merits more than Man can do!
He is so good, Praise cannot speak his Worth;
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in Wrath;
So just, that were he but a private Man,
He could not do a Wrong. How would you serve him?

Cast. I'd serve him with my Fortune here at Home,
And serve him with my Person in his Wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Die for him,
As ev'ry true-born loyal Subject ought.

Acast.

Acast. Let me embrace you both. Now by the Souls
Of my brave Ancestors I'm truly happy.
For this be ever blest my Marriage-Day,
Blest be your Mother's Memory that bore you,
And doubly blest be that auspicious Hour,
That gave ye Birth. Yes, my aspiring Boys,
Ye shall have Business, when your Master wants you ;
You cannot serve a nobler : I have serv'd him ;
In this old Body yet the Marks remain
Of many Wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
His Right, even in the Face of rank Rebellion ;
And when a foul-mouth'd Traitor once prophan'd
His sacred Name, with my good Sabre drawn,
Even at the Head of all his giddy Rout,
I rush'd, and clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, th'expected Guests are just arriv'd.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

Cham. My Lord, I stand in need of your Assistance
In something that concerns my Peace and Honour.

Acast. Spoke like the Son of that brave Man I lov'd :
So freely, friendly we convers'd together.

Whate'er it be, with Confidence impart it,
Thou shalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendship nor your
Justice.

Your Bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My Orphan Sister, must not be forgotten ?

Acast. Pr'ythee no more of that ; it grates my Nature.

Cham. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One Fate surpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em ;
My Father in his dying Breath bequeath'd
Her to my Love : My Mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her Side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept and embrac'd me ;
Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my Tears,
Kiss'd them away : Said she, *Chamont*, my Son,
By this, and all the Love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of *Monimia* ; watch her youth ;

Let not her Wants betray her to Dishonour :
 Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some Friend. Then sigh'd,
 Kist me again ; so blest us, and expir'd.
 Pardon my Grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest Nature.

Cham. The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you, you took her
 An infant to the desert world expos'd, [up
 And prov'd another Parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my Fears.

Acast. Then why this Argument ?

Cham. My Lord, my Nature's jealous and you'll bear

Acast. Go on. [it.

Cham. Great Spirits bear Misfortunes hardly :
 Good Offices claim Gratitude ; and Pride,
 Where Pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
 And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
 Pay Over-price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift ;
 Distrust you me ?

Cham. No, but I fear her Weakness
 May make her pay her Debt at any Rate ;
 And, to deal freely with your Lordship's Goodness,
 I've heard a Story lately much disturbs me.

Acast. Then first charge her ; and if th' Offence be
 found

Within my Reach, tho' it should touch my Nature
 In my own Off-spring, by the dear Remembrance
 Of thy brave Father whom my Heart rejoic'd in,
 I'd prosecute it with severest Vengeance. [Exit.

Cham. I thank you from my Soul.

Mon. Alas, my Brother !

What have I done ? and why do you abuse me ?
 My Heart quakes in me ; in your settled Face,
 And clouded Brow, methinks I see my Fate :
 You will not kill me !

Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost talk so ?

Mon. Look kindly on me then. I cannot bear
 Severity ; it daunts and does amaze me :
 My Heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,

I should but weep, and answer you with Sobbing.
But use me gently like a loving Brother,
And search through all the Secrets of my Soul.

Cham. Fear nothing, I will shew myself a Brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving Brother.
You've not forgot our Father?

Mon. I shall never.

Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a Man
That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful Thing but once,
Tho' kept in Darkness from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.
This was the only Portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't, than if possess
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.
'Twas a large Trust, and must be manag'd nicely;
Now if, by any Chance, *Monimia*,
You have soil'd this Gem, and taken from its Value,
How will you account with me?

Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
To censure all the Actions of my past
Unhappy Life, and taint me if they can!

Cham. I'll tell thee then; Three Nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my Bed, all Darkness round me,
A sudden Damp struck to my Heart, cold Sweat
Dew'd all my Face, and trembling seiz'd my Limbs;
My Bed shook under me, the Curtains started,
And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
The Form of Thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy Garments flowing loose, and in each Hand
A wanton Lover, which by Turns carest'd thee
With all the Freedom of unbounded Pleasure:
I snatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
Darted at the Phantom, straight it left me:
Then rose and call'd for Lights, when, O dire Omen!
I found my Weapon had the Arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous Tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy *Theban* slew his Father.

Mon. And for this Cause my Virtue is suspected!
Because in Dreams your Fancy hath been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care;
Labour not to be justified too fast:
Hear an, and then let Justice hold the Scale.
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me:
Through a close Lane, as I pursued my Journey,
And meditating on the last Night's Vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd Remnant of an old stript Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold:
So there was nothing of a Piece about her:
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness:
I ask'd of her my way, which she inform'd me:
'Then crav'd my Charity, and bid me hasten
To save a Sister. At that Word I started!

Mon. The common Cheat of Beggars every day!
They flock about our Doors, pretend to Gifts
Of Prophecy, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cham. Oh! but she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great Circumstance of Truth;
Castalia and *Polydore*, my Sister.

Mon. Hah!

Cham. What alter'd! does your Courage fail you?
Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honest;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy Honour at a sordid Game?

Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my Misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their Loves, most true.

Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone
thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest Vows,

Have

Have prest my Heart, if e'er in Thought I yielded
To any but *Castalio*——

Cham. But *Castalio*?

Mon. Still will you cross the Line of my Discourse.
Yes, I confess that he has won my Soul
By gen'rous Love, and honourable Vows:
Which he this Day appointed to compleat,
And make himself by holy Marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy virtue white, without a Blot untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchaste, may Heav'n reject my
Prayers!

Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cham. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me
Than all the Comforts ever yet blest Man.
But let not Marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a Man; we are by Nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:
When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust him,
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
I charge thee let no more *Castalio* sooth thee:
Avoid it as thou wouldst preserve the Peace
Of a poor Brother, to whose Soul th' art precious:

Mon. I will.

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great
Ones

When Merit begs: then shalt thou see how soon
His Heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy. [Exit

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
For, Oh *Castalio*! thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to *Polydore's* ill Usage.
He comes; and now for once, oh Love, stand neuter,
Whilst a hard Part's perform'd! for I must tempt,
Wound his soft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't.

[Exit.

Enter *Castalio*.

Cast. *Monimia*, *Monimia*!—She's gone.
And seem'd to part with Anger in her Eyes:
I am a Fool, and she has found my Weakness;
She uses me already like a Slave

Fast bound in Chains, to be chafis'd at will.
 'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother;
 I might have trusted him with all the Secret,
 Open'd my silly Heart, and shewn it bare.
 But then he loves her too; but not like me.
 I am a doating honest Slave, design'd
 For Bondage, Marriage-bonds, which I have sworn
 To wear: It is the only Thing I e'er
 Hid from his Knowledge: and he'll sure forgive
 The first Transgression of a wretched Friend
 Betray'd to Love, and all its little Follies.

Enter Polydore, and Page at the Door.

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my Brother
 thoroughly:

If he should chance to meet *Monimia*, make
 Just Observation of each Word and Action;
 Pass not one Circumstance without Remark:
 Sir, 'tis your Office, do't, and bring me word. [*Ex. Pol.*]

Enter Monimia.

Cast. *Monimia*, my Angel! 'twas not kind
 To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
 To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
 When thou art from me every Place is desert,
 And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
 Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
 Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. O the bewitching Tongues of faithless Men!
 'Tis thus the false *Hyæna* makes her Moan,
 To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
 Your Sex are so, such false Dissemblers all,
 With Sighs and Complaints y' entice poor Women's Hearts,
 And all that pity you are made your Prey.

Cast. What means my Love? Oh, how have I deserv'd
 This Language from the Sov'reign of my Joy!
 Stop, stop those Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall
 Like baneful Dew from a distemper'd Sky;
 I feel 'em chill me to the very Heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, *Castalio*, most forsworn.
Attempt no further to delude my faith?

My Heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more.

Cast. Who told you so? what Hell-bred Villain durst
Profane the sacred Business of my Love?

Mon. Your Brother, knowing on what Terms I'm here,
Th' unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of Love,
And durst affront me with his brutal Passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my Brother, and unjust to thee.

For, Oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a Right above me.

Mon. And was your Love so very tame, to shrink;
Or rather than lose him, abandon me?

Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his Heart, and to conceal my Happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly Will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask'd;
Left he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* lost.

Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this *Monimia*? surely no; 'till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne'er distrust the Poison that it hides.

Mon. When Love ill-plac'd would find a Means to
break——

Cast. It never wants pretences or Excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
Rough as the Winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty Aspect given him for Command,
Easily softned when he would betray.
Like conqu'ring Tyrants, you our Breasts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while;
But soon you find new Conquests out, and leave

The ravag'd Province ruinate and waste,
 If so, *Castalio*, you have serv'd my Heart,
 I find that Desolation's settled there,
 And I shall ne'er recover Peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this, and bear an equal Mind!
 Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
 But, Oh *Monimia*! when th' hast banish'd me,
 No creeping Slave, though tractable and dull,
 As artful Woman for her Ends would chuse,
 Shall ever dote as I have done: For, Oh!
 No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pains can tell,
 'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell.

Mon. *Castalio*! stay! we must not part. I find
 My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace.
 These little Quarrels Love must needs forgive,
 They rouse up drowsy Thoughts, and wake my Soul.
 O charm me with the Musick of thy Tongue;
 I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy Vows,
 And listen to the Language of thy Heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely Paradise is round me!
 Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
 And ev'ry Sense is full of thy Perfection.
 To hear thee speak might calm a mad Man's Frenzy,
 'Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows;
 But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties
 Might make him rage again with Love as I do.
 To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh!
 Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece;
 Sure framing thee Heav'n took unusual Care,
 As its own Beauty it design'd thee fair;
 And form'd thee by the best-lov'd Angel.

Exit. }



ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydore, and Page.

Pol. WERE they so kind? Express it to me all
In Words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Page. At first I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Castalio* grew disturb'd;
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd Submission, though Love all the while
The Rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Page. Oh 'twas wond'rous pretty!
For of a sudden all the Storm was past,
A gentle Calm of Love succeeded it;
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, *Castalio* swore;
As you, my Lord, I well remember, did
To my young Sister in the Orange Grove,
When I was first prefer'd to be your Page.

Pol. Happy *Castalio*! Now by my great Soul,
M'ambitious Soul, that languishes to Glory,
I'll have her yet; by my best Hopes I will.
She shall be mine in spite of all her Arts.
But for *Castalio* why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul Play?
Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: We parted, and he met her,
Half to Compliance brought by me; surpriz'd
Her sinking Virtue, 'till she yielded quite:
So Poachers basely pick up tired Game,
While the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
Boy!

Page. My Lord!

Pol.

Pol. Go to your Chamber, and prepare your Lute:
Find out some Songs to please me, that describes
Womens Hypocrisies, their subtle Wiles,
Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconstancies,
Their painted Outsides, and corrupted Minds;
The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falshoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappy't Tydings Tongue e'er told!

Pol. The Matter!

Serv. Oh! your Father, my good Master,
As with his Guests he sat in Mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the Goblet round the joyful Board,
A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes distorted grew, his Visage pale!
His Speech forsook him: Life itself seem'd fled,
And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acasto leaning on two.

Acast. Support me, give me Air; I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a Slip decaying Nature made;
For she grows weary near her Journey's End.
Where are my Sons? Come near, my *Polydore*;
Your Brother; where's *Castalio*?

Serv. My Lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the House;
He and *Monimia* are not to be found.

Acast. Not to be found! then where are all my Friends?
'Tis well;
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy Fault
My unmannerly Infirmary has made.
Death could not come in a more welcome Hour;
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks,
Would live and die with all my Friends about me.

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest Father's Life,
Bless it with long, uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live 'till Time itself decay,
'Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Acast.

Acast. Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both your Hands,
And bear me up; I'd walk: So, now, methinks,
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My Lord, your Chaplain.

Acast. Let the good Man enter.

Chap. Heav'n guard your Lordship, and restore your
Health.

Acast. I have provided for thee, if I die.
No Fawning! 'tis a Scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united, ever live;
And for th' Estate, you'll find when I am dead,
I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you shar'd my Love;
Only to sweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd
Ten thousand Crowns; a little Portion for her,
To wed her honourably as she's born.
Be not less Friends because you're Brothers; shun
The Man that's singular, his Mind's unsound,
His Spleen o'erweighs his Brains; but above all,
Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave,
The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason;
Calls saucy loud Suspicion, publick Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit.
Be very careful how you make new Friends.
Men read not Morals now; it was a Custom:
But all are to their Fathers Vices born;
And in their Mother's Ignorance are bred.
Let Marriage be the last mad Thing you do,
For all the Sins and Follies of the past.
If you have Children, never give them Knowledge,
'Twill spoil their Fortune; Fools are all the Fashion.
If you've Religion, keep it to yourselves;
Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't: never shew Religion,
Except you mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
And cheat believing Fools that think ye honest.

Enter Serina.

Ser. My Father!

Acast.

Acast. My Heart's Darling.

Ser. Let my Knees

Fix to the Earth. Ne'er let my Eyes have Rest,
But wake and weep, 'till Heav'n restore my Father!

Acast. Rise to my Arms, and thy kind Pray'rs are
answer'd,

For thou'rt a wond'rous Extract of all Goodness,
Born for my Joy, and no Pains felt when near thee.

Chamont!

Enter Chamont.

Cham. My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen:
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a Blessing too.

Acast. May'st thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acast. In all thy Wishes.

Cham. Confirm me so, and make this Fair One mine.
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtship,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art:
Onsets in Love seem best like those in War,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the Force;
So I would open my whole Heart at once,
And pour out the Abundance of my Soul.

Acast. What says *Serina*? Canst thou love a Soldier?
One born to Honour, and to Honour bred?
One that has learnt to treat e'en Foes with Kindness;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praise himself?

Ser. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy must be a Stranger to my Heart,
When you're in danger. May *Chamont's* good Fortune
Render him lovely to some happier Maid!
Whilst I at friendly Distance see him blest,
Praise the kind Gods, and wonder at his Virtues.

Acast. *Chamont*, pursue her, conquer and possess her,
And, as my Son, a Third of all my Fortune
Shall be thy Lot.

But keep thy Eyes from wandring, Man of Frailty;
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements: Ruin like a Vultur

Wait

Waits on their Conquests : Falshood too's their Business,
They put false Beauty off to all the World :
Use false Endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry, to their silly Husbands
They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.

Mon. Hear ye that, my Lord ?

Pol. Yes, my fair Monitor, old Men always talk thus.

Acast. *Chamont*, you told me of some Doubts that press
Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your Friend ? [you.

Cham. My Lord, I would not lose that Satisfaction
For any other Blessing I could wish for.

As to my Fears, already I have lost 'em :

They ne'er shall vex me more, or trouble you.

Acast. I thank you. Daughter you must do so too.
My Friends, 'tis late ;

Now my Disorder seems all past and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new Health.

Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acast. Yes, I'll to Bed ; old Men must humour
Weakness :

Let me have Musick then, to lull and chase
This melancholy Thought of Death away.

Good Night ! my Friends. Heav'n guard ye all ! Good
To-morrow early we'll salute the Day, [Night !
Find out new Pleasures, and redeem lost Time.

[*Ex. all but Chamont and Chaplain.*

Cham. Hift, hift, Sir *Gravity*, a Word with you.

Chap. With me, Sir !

Cham. If you're at leisure, Sir, we'll waste an Hour :
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be Charity
To lend your Conversation to a Stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a Soldier ?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a Soldier ;

And had been one myself, but that my Parents
Would make me what you see me : Yet I'm honest,
For all I wear Black.

Cham. And that's a Wonder.

Have you had long Dependance on this Family ?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my Time's

D

Spent

Spent pleasantly. My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical ; he has good Nature,
And I have Manners :

His Sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are ;
I meddle with no Man's Business but my own ;
I rise in a Morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent Pleasures freely ;
So meet with Respect, and am not the Jest of the Family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful.

Knew you my Father, the old *Chamont* ?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why ? didst thou love him ?

Chap. Every Body lov'd him ; besides, he was my
Master's Friend.

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very Notion.
If thou didst love my Father, I could think
Thou would'st not be an Enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no Man's Foe.

Cham. Then pr'ythee tell me,
Think'st thou the Lord *Cassio* loves my Sister ?
N.y, never ilart. Come, come, I know thy Office
Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.
Then if thou'rt honest, use this Freedom kindly.

Chap. Love your Sister !

Cham. Ay, love her.

Chap. Sir, I never ask'd him,
And wonder you should ask it me.

Cham. Nay, but thou'rt a Hypocrite ; is there not one
Of all thy Tribe that's honest in your Schools ?
The pride of your Superiors make ye Slaves :
Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile Lives ;
Not free enough to practise gen'rous Truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

Chap. I would deserve a better Thought of you.

Cham. If thou wouldst have me not condemn thy Office
And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worst Professor.

Inform

Inform me; for I tell thee, Priest, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care, for this may
A Scene of Mischief to undo us all. [flay
But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a Secret worth a Monarch's Fortune:
What shall I give thee for't? thou dear Physician
Of sickly Souls, unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. Nay, then again thou'rt honest. Would'st thou

Chap. Yes, if I durst. [tell me?

Cham. Why? what affrights thee?

Chap. You do,
Who are not to be trusted with the Secret.

Cham. Why, I am no Fool.

Chap. So indeed you say.

Cham. Pr'ythee, be serious then.

Chap. You see I am so,
And hardly shall be mad enough To-night
To trust you with my Ruin.

Cham. Art thou then
So far concern'd in't? What has been thy Office?
Curse on that formal steady Villain's Face!
Just so do all Bawds look; nay, Bawds, they say,
Can pray upon Occasion, talk of Heav'n,
Turn up their gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Dissemble, lye, and preach like any Priest.
Art thou a Bawd?

Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

Cham. Be just then.

Chap. So I shall be to the Trust
That's laid upon me.

Cham. By the reverenc'd Soul
Of that great honest Man that gave me Being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my Honour,
And if I e'er reveal it to thy Wrong,
May this good Sword ne'er do me Right in Battle!

May I ne'er know that blessed Peace of Mind,
That dwells in good and pious Men, like thee!

Chap. I see your Temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you——

Cham. It never shall.

Chap. Swear then.

Cham. I do, by all

That's dear to me; by th' Honour of my Name,
And that dread Pow'r I serve, it never shall.

Chap. Then this good Day when all the House was
busy;

When Mirth and kind Rejoicing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

Cham. What met them in the Grove together? tell me,
How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, Hah!

Chap. I, by her own Appointment, met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage Vows, and join'd their Hands.

Cham. How! marry'd!

Chap. Yes, Sir.

Cham. Then my Soul's at Peace:

But why would you so long delay to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what Reception it may find
With old *Acasto*; may be I was too cautious
To trust the Secret from me.

Cham. What's the Cause

I cannot guess, tho' 'tis my Sister's Honour,

I do not like this Marriage,

Huddled i' th' dark, and done at too much Venture;
'The Business looks with an unlucky Face.

Keep still the Secret; for it ne'er shall escape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new match'd Pair. Farewell.

Believe my Truth, and know me for thy Friend. [Ex.]

Enter Castalio and Monimia.

Cast. Young *Chamont* and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this sad Look,
Seems no good boding Omen to her Bliss;
Else pr'ythee tell me why that Look cast down?

Why

Why that sad Sigh as if thy Heart was breaking?

Mon. Castalio, I'm thinking what we've done.
The Heav'nly Pow'rs were sure displeas'd To-day;
For at the Ceremony as we stood,
And as your Hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good Priest pronounc'd the sacred Words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling seiz'd my Soul.
What should that mean?

Cast. Oh, thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as sympathizing Nature!
When a sad Story has been told, I've seen
Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds.
But now let Fear be banish'd, think no more
Of Danger; for there's Safety in my Arms;
Let them receive thee: Heav'n grows jealous now;
Sure she's too good for any mortal Creature!
I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to Madness.
But wherefore do I dally with my Bliss?
The Night's far spent, and Day draws on apace;
To Bed, my Love, and wake till I come thither.

Pol. So hot, my Brother? [*Polydore at the Door.*]

Mon. 'Twill be impossible:
You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
And the least Noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible? impossible? alas!
Is't possible to live one Hour without thee?
Let me behold these Eyes; they'll tell me Truth.
Hast thou no Longing? Art thou still the same
Cold, icy Virgin? No! th'art alter'd quite.
Haste, haste to Bed, and let loose all thy Wishes.

Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord; I pray be rul'd.

Cast. Try, if th'ast Power to stop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempest make the Seas be calm;
And when that's done, I'll conquer my Desires:
No more, my Blessing. What shall be the Sign?
When shall I come: For to my Joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my Freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft Strokes upon the Chamber-Door;
And at that Signal you shall gain Admittance :
But speak not the least Word ; for if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cast. Oh ! doubt it not, *Monimia* ; our Joys
Shall be as silent as th' Ecstatic Bliss
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse :
Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and every Power dissolv'd :
Away, my Love ; first take this Kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each Minute past.

[*Ex. Mon.*]

My Brother wand'ring too so late this way !

Pol. Castalio !

Cast. My *Polydore*, how dost thou ?
How does our Father ; is he well recover'd ?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Rest ;
He's still as gay as if his Life was young.
But how does fair *Monimia* ?

Cast. Doubtless well.

A cruel Beauty with her Conquest pleas'd,
Is always joyful, and her Mind in Health.

Pol. Is she the same *Monimia* still she was ?
May we not hope she's made of mortal Mould ?

Cast. She's not Woman else ;
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping ;
We've in a barren Desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may Relief be unexpected found,
And Love's sweet Manna cover all the Field.
Met ye to-day ?

Cast. No ; she has still avoided me.
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my Father.
I wish I'd never meddled with the Matter ;
And would enjoin thee, *Polydore*——

Pol. To what ?

Cast. To leave this peevish Beauty to herself.

Pol. What, quit my Love ? as soon I'd quit my Post
In Fight, and like a Coward run away :

No, by my Stars, I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her Rescue in another.

Cast. Nay, she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at Odds ;
But I have wond'rous Reasons on my Side,
That would persuade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em.
What are they ? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now ? *Castalio*, have a Care ;
Use honest Dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love so blinded,
But can discern your Purpose to abuse me.
Quit your Pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do ;
You love Capitulations, *Polydore*,
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say, You've Reasons, why are they conceal'd ?

Cast. To-morrow I may tell you :
It is a Matter of such Circumstance,
As I must well consult e'er I reveal.
But, pr'ythee, cease to think I would abuse thee,
'Till more be known.

Pol. When you, *Castalio*, cease
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think *Castalio* faithless to his Friend.
Did I not see you part this very Moment ?

Cast. It seems you've watch'd me then ?

Pol. I scorn the Office.

Cast. Pr'ythee, avoid a Thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is, henceforward making Leagues with you ;

Cast. Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydore*, Good Night.

[Exit.

Pol. Good night, *Castalio*, if y'are in such Haste.
He little thinks I've overheard the Appointment ;
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take Possession of my Love,
This is the utmost Point of all my Hopes ;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
Oh ! for a Means now how to counterplot,

And

And disappoint this happy elder Brother.
 In ev'ry thing we do or undertake,
 He soars above me, mount what Height I can,
 And keeps the Start he got of me in Birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Come hither, Boy.

Thou hast a pretty forward lying Face,
 And may'st in Time expect Preferment; can'st thou
 Pretend to Secrecy, cajole and flatter
 Thy Master's Follies, and assist his Pleasures?

Page. My Lord, I could do any Thing for you,
 And ever be a very faithful Boy.

Command, whate'er's your Pleasure I'll observe;
 Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
 A Letter to a beauteous Lady's Bosom;
 At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou should'st not be employ'd.
 Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
 Undressing, and preparing for his Rest;
 Find out some Means to keep him up a While:
 Tell him a pretty Story, that may please
 His Ear: Invent a Tale, no Matter what:
 If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
 To Bed, and sent you there to know his Pleasure,
 Whether he'd hunt To-morrow. Well said *Polydore*;
 Dissemble with thy Brother! That's one Point.
 Or if he chance to walk again this Way,
 Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
 To do him little Offices of Service.
 Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
 Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
 Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.
Page. Doubt not, my Lord: He has been always kind
 To me; would often set me on his Knees,
 Then give me Sweet meats, call me pretty Boy,
 And ask me what the maids talkt of at Nights.

Pol.

The ORPHAN.

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Pol. Run quickly then, and prosperous be thy Wishes.

Exit Page.

Here I'm alone and fit for Mischief; now
To cheat this Brother, wil't be honest that?
I heard the Sign she order'd him to give.
Oh for the Art of *Proteus*, but to change
The unhappy *Polydore* to blest *Castalio*!
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her Arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily possess'd of more
Than Sense can think, all loosen'd into Joy,
To hear my disappointed Brother come,
And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!
What a malicious Pleasure will that be!
Just three soft Strokes upon the Chamber Door:
But speak not the least Word; for if you should,
It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a Mistress that contrives
With Care to lay the Business of her Joys!
One that has Wit to charm the very Soul!
And give a double Relish to Delight!
Blest Heav'ns assist me but in this dear Hour,
And my kind Stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! Monimia!

[Gives the Sign.]

[Maid at the Window.] Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid. My Lord *Castalio*?

Pol. 'The same.

How does my Love, my dear *Monimia*?

Maid. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind Delay;
You've staid so long that at each little Noise
The Wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the Door be open'd.

[Maid descends.]

Now boast, *Castalio*, triumph now, and tell
Thy self strange Stories of a promis'd Bliss.

[The Door unbolts.]

It

It opens : Hah ! what means my trembling Flesh !
Limbs do your Office, and support me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. [Ex't.

Enter Castalio and Page.

Page. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning ;
Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go, you're an idle Pratter,
I'll stay at home To-morrow ; if your Lord
Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: Go leave me,
I must to Bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your Lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to Repose.

Cast. No, my kind Boy, the Night is too far wasted ;
My Senses too are quite disrob'd of Thought,
And ready all with me to go to Rest.
Good-night : Commend me to my Brother.

Page. Oh !
You never heard the last new Song I learn'd ;
It is the finest, prettiest Song indeed,
Of my Lord and my Lady you know who, that were
caught

Together, you know where. My Lord, indeed it is.

Cast. You must be whipt, Youngster, if you get such
Songs as those are. What means
This Boy's Impertinence To-night?

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear Lord ?

Cast. Psalms, Child, Psalms.

Page. Oh dear me ! Boys that go to School learn
But Pages, that are better bred, sing Lampoons. [Psalms,
Well, leave me ; I'm weary.

Page. Oh ! but you promis'd me, last Time I told
you what Colour My Lady Monim'a's Stockings were
of, and that she garter'd them above Knee, that you
would give me a little Horse to go a hunting upon,
so you did. I'll tell you no more Stories, except you
keep your Word with me.

Cast. Well go, you Trifler, and To-morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed, my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me ?

Page. No, no, indeed, my Lord, I was not ;
But I know what I know.

Cast.

Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this

Page. Oh! I know who loves Some-body. [mean?

Cast. What's that to me, Boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. That's a Wonder; pr'ythee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the Horse then?

Cast. I will, my Child.

Page. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you; but don't
you tell her I told you; She'll give me no more Play
things then. I heard her say so, as she lay a-bed, Man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me when in her Bed, *Cordelio*?

Page. Yes, and I sung her the Song you made too;
And she did so sigh, and so look with her Eyes;
And her Breasts did so lift up and down; I could
have found in my Heart to have beat 'em, for they
made me ashamed.

Cast. Hark! What's that Noise?

Take this, be gone and leave me.

You Knaves, you little Flatterers, get you gone. [*Ex. Pa.*

Surely it was a Noise. Hift——only Fancy.

For all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,

And the perpetual Motion standing still.

So much she from her Work appears to cease,

And ev'ry warring Element's at Peace;

All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd;

The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,

And to the Murmurs of the Waters sleep;

The silent Air's at Rest, and feels no Noise,

Except of some soft Breaths among the Trees,

Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon 'em.

'Tis now that, guided by my Love, I go

To take Possession of *Monimia*'s Arms.

Sure *Polydore*'s by this Time gone to Bed.

At Midnight thus the Us'rer steals untrack'd,

To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,

And feasts his Eyes upon the shining Mammon. [*Knocks*

She hears me not; sure she already sleeps.

Her Wishes could not brook so long Delay,

And her poor Heart has beat itself to rest. [*Knocks again.*

Monimia!

Monimia ! my Angel——hah——not yet——
 How long's the shortest Moment of Delay,
 To a Heart impatient of its Pangs like mine,
 In Sight of Ease, and panting to the Goal? [*Knocks again.*]
 Once more——

Maid. Who's there,
 That comes thus rudely to disturb our Rest?

Cast. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you? what's your Name?

Cast. Suppose the Lord *Castalio*.

Maid. I know you not,
 The Lord *Castalio* has no Business here.

Cast. Hah! have a care; what can this mean?
 Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly;
 Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my Doom.

Maid. Whoe'er ye are, ye may repent this Outrage;
 My Lady must not be disturb'd. Good night!

Cast. She must, tell her she shall; go, I'm in haste,
 And bring her Tidings from the State of Love;
 Th'are all in Consultation met together,
 How to reward my Truth, and crown her Vows.

Maid. Sure the Man's mad!

Cast. Or this will make me so:
 Obey me, or by all the Wrongs I suffer,
 I'll scale the Window, and come in by Force,
 Let the sad Consequence be what it will;
 This Creature's trifling Folly makes me mad!

Maid. My Lady's Answer is, You may depart:
 She says she knows you: You are *Polydore*,
 Sent by *Castalio*, as you were To-day,
 T' affront and do her Violence again.

Cast. I'll not believe't.

Maid. You may, Sir.

Cast. Curses blast thee!

Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool Ev'ning! and I hope
 May cure the raging Fever in your Blood.
 Good-night.

Cast. And farewell all that's just in Woman!
 This is contrived, a studied Trick to abuse

My

My easy Nature, and torment my Mind;
 Sure now she's bound me fast, and means to lord it,
 To rein me hard, and ride me at her Will,
 'Till by Degrees she shape me into Fool
 For all her future Uses. Death and Torment!
 'Tis Impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
 Oh, I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my Hair!
 'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's short!
 Let but To-morrow, but To-morrow come,
 And try if all thy Arts appease my Wrong;
 'Till when, be this detested Place my Bed; [*Lies down.*
 Where I will ruminate on Woman's ills,
 Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant Sex.
 Faithless *Monimia*! Oh *Monimia*!

Enter Ernesto.

Ern. Either
 My Sense has been deluded, or this Way
 I heard the Sound of Sorrow; 'tis late at Night,
 And none, whose Mind's at Peace, would wander now.

Cast. Who's there?

Ern. A Friend.

Cast. If thou art so, retire,
 And leave this Place; for I would be alone.

Ern. *Castalio*! My Lord, why in this Posture,
 Stretch'd on the Ground? Your honest true old Servant,
 Your poor *Ernesto*, cannot see you thus;
 Rise, I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art *Ernesto*,
 As by thy Honesty thou seem'st to be,
 Once leave me to my Folly.

Ern. I cannot leave you,
 And not the Reasons know of your Disorders.
 Remember how, when young, I in my Arms
 Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your Pleasures,
 And sought an early Share in your Affection.
 Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why?

E

Cast.

Cast. Because my Thoughts:
Are full of Woman; thou, poor Wretch, art past 'em.

Ern. I hate the Sex.

Cast. Then I'm thy Friend, *Ernesto.* [Rises.
I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman.
Woman the Fountain of all human Frailty!
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman.
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? Woman.
Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World? A Woman,
Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid at last old *Troy* in Ashes? A Woman.
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acasto solus.

BLeft be the Morning that has brought me Health ;
 A happy Rest has soften'd Pain away,
 And I'll forget it, tho' my Mind's not well ;
 A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart ;
 I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark Dreams,
 Sick Fancy's Children, have been over-busy,
 And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains :
 Methought I heard the Mid-night Raven cry ;
 Wak'd with th' imagin'd Noise, my Curtains seem'd
 To start, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd,
 Like Ghosts, all pale and stiff : I strove to speak,
 But could not : Suddenly the Forms were lost,
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody Cloud.
 'Twas odd, and for the present shook my Thoughts ;
 But 'twas th' Effect of my distemper'd Blood ;
 And when the Health's disturb'd the Mind's unruly.

*Enter Polydore.*Good-morning, *Polydore.**Pol.* Heav'n keep your Lordship.*Acast.* Have you yet seen *Castalio* To-day ?*Pol.* My Lord, 'tis early Day ; he's hardly risen.*Acast.* Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chapel.*[Exit Polydore.]*

I cannot think all has gone well To-night ;
 For as I waking lay (and sure my Sense
 Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Castalio's Voice ; but it seem'd low and mournful :
 Under my Window too I thought I heard it :
 M' untoward Fancy could not be deceiv'd
 In every Thing ; and I will search the Truth out.

Enter Monimia, and her Maid.

Already up, *Monimia!* you rose
Thus early surely to outshine the Day!
Or was there any Thing that cross'd your Rest?
They were naughty Thoughts that would not let you sleep.

Mon. Whatever are my Thoughts, my Lord, I've
By your Example to correct their Ills, [learnt
And Morn and Ev'ning give up the Account.

Acast. Your Pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are so good, I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you're more fair To-day;
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms seem up, and ready in your Eyes.

Mon. The little Share I have's so very mean,
That it may easily admit Addition;
Though you, my Lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much Praise, and make me proud.

Acast. Proud of an old Man's Praises! No, *Monimia!*
But if my Prayers can work thee any Good,
Thou shalt not want the largest Share of 'em:
Heard you no Noise To-night?

Mon. Noise! my good Lord!

Acast. Ay! about Midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must sure! went you early to your Rest?

Mon. About the wonted Hour. Why this Enquiry?
[*Aside.*

Acast. And went your Maid to Bed too?

Mon. My Lord, I guess so:

I've seldom known her disobey my Orders.

Acast. Sure Goblins then, or Fairies haunt the Dwell-
I'll have Enquiry made thro' all the House, [ing:
But I'll find out the Cause of these Disorders.

Good-day to thee, *Monimia*—I'll to Chapel. [*Ex. Acast.*

Mon. I'll but dispatch some Orders to my Woman,
And wait upon your Lordship there.
I fear the Priest has play'd us false; if so
My poor *Castalio* loses all for me:

I wonder, though, he made such Haste to leave me ;
Was't not unkind, *Florella* ? surely 'twas !
He scarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away so cold, the Kiss he gave me,
Seem'd the cold Compliment of fated Love.
Wou'd I had never marry'd !

Maid. Why ?

Mon. Methinks

The Scene's quite alter'd ; I am not the same ;
I've bound up for myself a Weight of Cares,
And how the Burden will be borne, none knows
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false !
And should *Castalio* e'er prove so to me,
So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and distract my Rest for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, *Florella* ? where ?

Is he returning ? To my Chamber lead ;
I'll meet him there : The Myst'ries of our Love
Should be kept private, as religious Rites,
From the unhallow'd view of common Eyes.

[*Ex. Mon. and Maid.*

Enter Castalio.

Cast. With'd Morning's come ! and now upon the
Plains

And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Sack
Of healthy Viands, which when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And looking tow'rs the neighb'ring Pastures, raise
The Voice, and bid their Fellow-brutes Good-morrow.
The chearful Birds too, on the Tops of Trees,
Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes

E 3

Salute

Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.

'There's no Condition sure so curs'd as mine;
I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a Dog
Look'd *Hercules*, thus to a Diffaff chain'd?

Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter Monimia and Maid.

Mon. I come,
I fly to my ador'd *Castalio's* Arms,
My Wifh's Lord. May ev'ry Morn begin
Like this; and with our Days our Loves renew.
Now I may hope y'are satisfy'd.

Looking languishingly on him.

Cast. I am
Well satisfy'd, that thou art——Oh——

Mon. What? speak:
Art thou not well, *Castalio*? Come lean
Upon my Breast, and tell me where's thy Pain.

Cast. 'Tis here; 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart;
'Tis every where; it rages like a Madness;
And I most wonder how my Reason holds.
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia*: The Slave
You thought you had secur'd within my Breast,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

Mon. Am I not then your Wife, your lov'd *Monimia*?
I once was so, or I've most strangely dreamt.
What ails my Love?

Cast. Whate'er thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking Thoughts ne'er meant *Castalio* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sex's Arts,
They're useless all: I'm not that pliant Tool;
That necessary Utenfil you'd make me;
I know my Charter better——I am Man,
Obstinate Man; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's easy;
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife;
Nor ever any Privilege pretend
Beyond your Will; for that shall be my Law:
Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not, Madam;
By yon bright Heav'n you shall not: All the Day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee;
'Till by Afflictions, and continu'd Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely Household Drudge:
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser Pleasures,
For thou hast wrong'd *Castalio*.

Mon. No more:
Oh kill me here, or tell me my Offence,
I'll never quit you else; but on these Knees,
Thus follow you all Day, 'till they're worn bare;
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Castalio——

Cast. Away; last Night, last Night!

Mon. It was our Wedding-Night.

Cast. No more; forget it.

Mon. Why? Do you then repent?

Cast. I do.

Mon. Oh Heav'n!

And will you leave me thus? Help, Help, *Florella*.

He draws her to the Door and breaks from her.

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.

Oh my Heart breaks—I'm dying, Oh—stand off;

I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakness; still

Chast and fomented, let my Heart swell on,

'Till with its Injuries it burst, and shake

With the dire Blow this Prison to the Earth.

Maid. What sad Mistake has been the Cause of this?

Mon. *Castalio*! Oh! how often has he swore,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E'er he would falsify his Vows to me!

Make haste, Confusion, then: Sun lose thy Light,

And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth;

For my *Castalio*'s false.

Maid. Unhappy Day!

Mon. False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather;
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey:
I feel him in my Breast, he tears my Heart,

And

And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood ;
Must I be long in Pain ?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In Tears, *Monimia* !

Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd Despair.

Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and see who comes to cheer
Tell me the Story of thy Wrongs, and then [thce.
See if my Soul has Rest till thou hast Justice.

Mon. My Brother !

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'st
That I deserve the Name, I am thy Brother.

Mon. Oh *Castalio* !

Cham. Hah !

Name me that Name again ! My Soul's on Fire
'Till I know all : There's Meaning in that Name,
I know he is thy Husband : Therefore trust me
With all the following Truth——

Mon. Indeed, *Chamont*,
There's nothing in it but the Fault of Nature :
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with Grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, *Monimia*.
And I might think with Justice most severely
Of this unfaithful Dealing with your Brother.

Mon. Truly I am not to blame : Suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another ?
Should I upbraid the dearest Friend on Earth
For the first Fault ? You would not do so : Would you ?

Cham. Not, if I'd chuse to think it was a Friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful Dealing ?
I ne'er conceal'd my Soul from you before :
Bear with me now and search my Wounds no farther ;
For every probing pains me to the Heart. [prob'd.

Cham. 'Tis Sign there's Danger in't, and must be
Where's your new Husband ? Still that Thought dis-
turbs you.

What ! only answer me with Tears ? *Castalio* !

Nay, now they stream.

Cruel unkind *Castalio* ! Is't not so ?

Mon.

Mon. I cannot speak, Grief flows so fast upon me;
It choaks, and will not let me tell the Cause.

Oh!

Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As Honour to my Name: Dear as the Light
To the Eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of Blindness.
Why wilt thou not repose within my Breast
The Anguish that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not.

Cham. I have no Friend but thee: We must confide
In one another: Two unhappy Orphans,
Alas, we are, and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a Part in me that suffers.

Mon. Oh should'st thou know the Cause of my lamenting,
I am satisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou would'st scorn me;
Thou would'st despise the abject lost *Monimia*;
No more would'st praise this hated Beauty: But
When in some Cell distracted, as I shall be,
Thou seest me lie; these unregarded Locks
Matted like Furies Tresses; my poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground, and, 'stead of the Delights
Which happy Lovers taste, my Keeper's Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish,
Of wretched Sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
Pr'ythee have Charity and Pity for me;
Let me enjoy this Thought.

Cham. Why wilt thou rack
My Soul so long, *Monimia*? Ease me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into Madness first.

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cham. Secret as the Grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your Fury
Within it's Bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid Mischief? For indeed, *Chamont*,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul
A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm; but has *Castalio* wrong'd thee?
Has he already wasted all his Love? What

What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling
With Expectation of a horrid Tale.

Mon. Oh! could you think it!

Cham. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cham. Hah!

Mon. Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my Heart.

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me:
Nothing so kind as he when in my Arms!
In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted;
At the Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
Oh then!

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his Breast,
Like a detested Sin.

Cham. How?

Mon. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries.

Cham. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully with Scorn?

Mon. He did! and more, I fear, will ne'er be Friends,
Though I still love him with unbated Passion.

Cham. What, throw thee from him!

Mon. Yes, indeed he did.

Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to th' Earth, like a dead Dog despis'd:
Lameness and Leprosy, Blindness and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the Name of a Villain,
Light on me, if, *Castalio*, I forgive thee.

Mon. Nay, now, *Chamant*, art thou unkind as he is:
Did'st thou not promise me thou would'st be calm?
Keep my Disgrace conceal'd? Why should'st thou kill
him?

By

By all my Love, this Arm should do him Vengeance,
Alas! I love him still; and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him (Gods) where'er he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Sure some ill Fate is tow'rs me in my House,
I only meet with Oddness and Disorder;
Each Vassal has a wild distracted Face,
And looks as full of Business as a Blockhead
In Times of Danger. Just this very Moment
I met *Castalio* too——

Cham. Then you met a Villain.

Acast. Hah!

Cham. Yes, a Villain.

Acast. Have a Care, young Soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with *Acasto's* Fame:
I have a Sword, my Arm's good old Acquaintance.
Villain to thee——

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous Age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that cursed Bramble!

Acast. Ungrateful Ruffian! sure my good old Friend
Was ne'er thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I scorn t'upbraid thee, Boy;
But I could put thee in Remembrance——

Cham. Do.

Acast. I scorn it.

Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the Story,
For I would fain know all, to see which Scale
Weighs most—Hah! is not that good old *Acasto*,
What have I done? Can you forgive this Folly?

Acast. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude O'erflowing
Of too much Passion: Pray, my Lord, forgive me.

[*Kneels:*

Acast. Mock me not, Youth: I can revenge a Wrong.

Cham. I know it well; but for this Thought of mine,
Pity a Madman's Frenzy, and forget it.

Acast.

Acast. I will; but henceforth, pr'ythee, be more kind.
[*Raises him.*]

Whence came the Cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame;
But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father;
You've been her Father too— [*Takes Mon. by the Hand.*]

Acast. Forbear the Prologue—
And let me know the Substance of thy Tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,
Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,

Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye,
'Till at the last, a cruel Spoiler came.
Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.

Acast. You talk to me in Parables, *Chamont*;
You may have known that I'm no wordy Man;
Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Knaves,
Or Fools, that use 'em, when they want good Sense;
But Honesty
Needs no Disguise or Ornament. Be plain.

Cham. Your Son——

Acast. I've two; and both, I hope, have Honour.

Cham. I hope so too—but—

Acast. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you,
Once more *Castalio*——

Acast. Still *Castalio*!

Cham. Yes.

Your Son *Castalio* has wrong'd *Monimia*.

Acast. Hah! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest Heav'n, there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his Heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cham.

Cham. You dare not, by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falshood to out-do *Castalio*,
Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has *Castalio* wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him: I say my Sister's wrong'd;
Monimia, my Sister, born as high
And noble as *Castalio*—Do her Justice,
Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.
I'll do't; hark you, my Lord, your Son *Castalio*,
Take him to your Closet, and there teach him Manners!

Acast. You shall have Justice.

Cham. Nay—I will have Justice.
Who'll sleep in safety that has done me Wrong!
My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The Cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your House's Honour) ask it of *Castalio*.

Acasto. I will.

Cham. 'Till then, farewell——

[Exit.

Acast. Farewell, proud Boy.

Monimia!

Mon. My Lord.

Acast. You are my Daughter.

Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me:

Acast. When you'll complain to me I'll prove a
Father. [Exit.

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth
Is there so wretched as *Monimia*!
First by *Castalio* cruelly forsaken;
I've lost *Acasto* now: His parting Frowns
May well instruct me, Rage is in his Heart:
I shall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,
Thrust out a naked Wand'rer to the World,
And branded for the mischievous *Monimia*!
What will become of me? My cruel Brother
Is framing Mischiefs too, for aught I know,
That may produce Bloodshed, and horrid Murder?
I would not be the Cause of one Man's Death,

To reign the Empress of the Earth; nay, more,
I'd rather lose for ever my *Castalio*,
My dear unkind *Castalio*!

Enter Polydore.

Pol. Monimia weeping!

So Morning Dews on new-born Roses lodge,
By the Sun's am'rous Heat to be exhal'd.
I come, my Love, to kiss all Sorrow from thee.
What mean these Sighs? And why thus beats thy
Heart?

*Mon. Let me alone to Sorrow: 'Tis a Cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.*

*Pol. Happy, Monimia, he to whom these Sighs,
These Tears, and all these Languishings, are paid!
I am no Stranger to your dearest Secret;
I know your Heart was never meant for me,
That Jewel's for an elder Brother's Price.*

Mon. My Lord!

*Pol. Nay, wonder not; last Night I heard
His Oaths, your Vows, and to my Torment saw
Your wild Embraces: Heard the Appointment made:
I did, Monimia, and I curs'd the Sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my Love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?*

*Mon. Banish such fruitless Hopes!
Have you sworn Constancy to my Undoing?
Will you be ne'er my Friend again?*

Pol. What means my Love?

*Mon. Away! what meant my Lord
Last Night?*

*Pol. Is that a Question now to be demanded?
I hope Monimia was not much displeas'd.*

*Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Prostitute?
T' assault my Lodging at the dead of Night,
And threaten me if I deny'd Admittance——
You said you were *Castalio*——*

*Pol. By those Eyes
It was the same; I spent my Time much better;
I tell thee, ill-natur'd Fair One, I was posted*

To more Advantage, on a pleasant Hill
Of springing Joy, and everlasting Sweetness.

Mon. Hah——have a Care——

Pol. Where is the Danger near me?

Mon. I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your Soul with Wretchedness for ever;
A thousand horrid Thoughts crowd on my Memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one Question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my Life; on those soft Breasts
Breathe out the choicest Secrets of my Heart,
'Till I had nothing in it left but Love.

Mon. Nay I'll conjure you by the Gods and Angels,
By th' Honour of your Name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last Night?

Pol. Within thy Arms
I triumph'd; Rest had been my Foe.

Mon. 'Tis done——

[*She faints.*]

Pol. She faints! No Help! Who waits? A Curse
Upon my Vanity, that could not keep
The Secret of my Happiness in Silence.
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon,
And consequently all must be betrayed.

Monimia! She breathes——*Monimia*——

Mon. Well——

Let Mischiefs multiply! Let every Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horror!
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every Thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, 'till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature!

Pol. What means all this?

Mon. Oh, *Polydore*, if all
The Friendship e'er you vow'd to good *Castalia*
Be not a Falshood; if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone yourself and me.

Pol. Which Way can Ruin reach the Man that's rich,
As I am, in Possession of thy Sweetness!

Mon. Oh! I'm his Wife.

Pol. What says *Monimia*! hah!
Speak that again.

Mon. I'm *Castalio*'s Wife.

Pol. His marry'd, wedded Wife?

Mon. Yesterday's Sun
Saw it perform'd.

Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife?

Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of Misery, that Guilt is thine.

Pol. Must we be miserable then?

Mon. Oh!

Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.

Mon. Couldst thou be
Happy, with such a Weight upon thy Soul?

Pol. It may be yet a Secret: I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Castalio* to thee;
Whilst from the World I take myself away,
And waste my Life in Penance for my Sin.

Mon. Then wouldst thou more undo me; heap a
Load

Of added Sins upon my wretched Head:
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring Pollution to his Arms? curst Thoughts!
Oh! when shall I be mad indeed!

Pol. Nay then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an eternal Misery together.

Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?
Never grow fond of chearful Peace again?
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
And find out Ways how to increase Affliction?

Pol. We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.
First, if the Fruit of our detested Joy
A Child be born, it shall be murder'd——

Mon. No;
Sure that may live.

Pol. Why?

Mon.

Mon. To become a Thing
More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
With all our Infamy, and curse its Birth.

Pol. That's well contriv'd; then thus let's go together,
Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched Pair, expell'd their Paradise.
Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsome and venomous: Where Poisons hang
Like Gums against the Walls; where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
And live upon the Height of Desperation;
Desire shall languish like a withering Flow'r,
And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of.
Horrors shall fright me with those pleasing Harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms,
But when I'm dying take me in thy Arms. *[Exeunt.]*





ACT V. SCENE I.

Castalio lying on the Ground.

SONG.

I.

COME all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er bled
 By cruel Beauty's Pride;
 Bring each a Garland on his Head,
 Let none his Sorrows hide:
 But Hand in Hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest Tales of Love;
 And see, when your Complaints ye join,
 If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

II.

The happiest Mortal once was I;
 My Heart no Sorrows knew.
 Pity the Pain with which I die;
 But ask not whence it grew.
 Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as Heaven whose Stamp she bears,
 Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

Cast. See where the Deer trot after one another,
 Male, Female, Father, Son, Mother, Daughter,
 Brother and Sister, mingled all together:
 No Discontent they know, but in delightful
 Wildness and Freedom, pleasant Springs, fresh Herbage,
 Calm Harbours, lusty Health and Innocence,
 Enjoy their Portion; if they see a Man,
 How will they turn together all, and gaze
 Upon the Monster——

Once in a Season too they taste of Love:

Only

Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. *Castalio! Castalio!*

Cast. Who's there
So wretched but to name *Castalio!*

Acast. I hope my Message may succeed.

Cast. My Father,
'Tis joy to see you, tho' where Sorrow's nourish'd.

Acast. I'm come in Beauty's Cause; you'll guess the rest.

Cast. A Woman! if you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me; but to think
Of Woman, were enough to taint my Brains,
'Till they ferment to Madness. Oh! my Father!

Acast. What ails my Boy?

Cast. A Woman is the Thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

Acast. Forget *Monimia!*

Cast. She to choose: *Monimia!*
The very Sound's ungrateful to my Sense. [will hide

Acast. This might seem strange; but you, I've found,
Your Heart from me; you dare not trust your Father.

Cast. No more *Monimia!*

Acast. Is she not your Wife?

Cast. So much the worse. Who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife:
But a new-married Wife's a teeming Mischief,
Full of herself: Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come that wedded Yesterday!

Acast. *Castalio*, you must go along with me,
And see *Monimia*.

Cast. Sure, my Lord but mocks me:
Go see *Monimia!* Pray, my Lord, excuse me;
And leave the Conduct of this Part of Life
To my own Choice.

Acast. I say, no more Dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

Cast. Who has complain'd?

Acast. Her Brother to my Face proclaim'd her
And in such Terms, they've warm'd me. [*wrong'd,*

Cast. What Terms? her Brother! Heav'n!
Where learn't she that?

What, does she send her Hero with Defiance?
He durst not sure affront you?

Acast. No, not much.

But——

Cast. Speak, what said he?

Acast. That thou wert a Villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

Cast. Shame on the ill-manner'd Brute!
Your Age secur'd him; he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my Sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have pass'd my Word she shall have Justice.

Cast. Justice! to give her Justice would undo her;
Think you this Solitude I now have chosen,
Left Joys just opening to my Sense, fought here
A Place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out
My Grave at length, wish'd to have grown one Piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a Cause?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows?
Whose mighty Spirit, and whose stubborn Heart,
No Woman can appease, nor Man provoke?

Acast. I guess, *Chamont*, you come to seek *Castalio*.

Cham. I come to seek the Husband of *Monimia*.

Cast. The Slave is here.

Cham. I thought e'er now t'ave found you
Attoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont*;
For you have wrong'd the dearest Part of him..
Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this Heart;
And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn
From her poor Eyes, are Drops of Blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are *Chamont*?

Cham. Yes, and I hope no Stranger
To great *Castalio*.

Cast.

Cast. I've heard of such a Man
That has been very busy with my Honour :
I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You sent me by my Father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [Draws.

Acast. By this good Sword, who first presumes to Violence,

Makes me his Foe—— [Draws and interposes.

Young Man, it once was thought [To *Castalio* :

I was fit Guardian of my House's Honour,

And you might trust your Share with me---For you,

[To *Cham*.

Young Soldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me :

I promis'd you to do *Monimia* Right ;

And thought my Word a Pledge I would not forfeit :

But you, I find, would fright us to Performance.

Cast. Sir, in my younger Years with Care you taught me,

That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour ;

Oppose not then the Justice of my Sword,

Left you should make me jealous of your Love.

Cham. Into thy Father's Arms thou fly'st for Safety,

Because thou know'st that Place is sanctify'd

With the Remembrance of an antient Friendship.

Cast. I am a Villain if I will not seek thee,

'Till I may be reveng'd for all the Wrongs

Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'st for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my Heart,

Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia*'s ;

Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Virtue fairer.

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the Ashes of the Dead

With thy capricious follies : The Remembrance

Of the lov'd Creature that once fill'd these Arms—

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cast. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall

Monimia, tho' a helpless Orphan, destitute

Of Friends and Fortune, tho' th' unhappy Sister

Of poor *Chamont*, whose Sword is all his Portion,

B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud imperious Traitor.

Cast.

Cast. Hah! set me free.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Ser. Alas! alas!

The Cause of these Disorders; my *Chamont*
Who is't has wrong'd thee?

Cast. Now where art thou fled
For Shelter?

Cham. Come from thine, and see what Safeguard
Shall then betray my Fears.

Ser. Cruel *Castalio*,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me:
Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breast;
If any of my Friends have done thee Injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This Opportunity to show your Vanity,
Let's meet some other Time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our Wrongs together.

Cham. 'Till then I am *Castalio*'s Friend.

Cast. *Serina*,
Farewell, I wish much Happiness attend you.

Ser. *Chamont*'s the dearest Thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the World forsake me.

Cham. Witness the Gods, how happy I'm in thee!
No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind *Castalio*,
Suppose I should a while lay by my Passion,
And be a Beggar in *Monimia*'s Cause,
Might I be heard?

Cast. Sir, 'twas my last Request,
You would (though I find you will not) be satisfy'd:
So, in a Word, *Monimia* is my Scorn;
She basely sent you here to try my Fears;
That was your Business.
No artful Prostitute, in Falshoods practis'd,
To make Advantage of her Coxcomb's Follies,
Could have done more—Disquiet vex her for't.

Cham.

Cham. Farewel.

[*Ex. Cham. and Ser.*

Cast. Farewel!—My Father, you seem troubled.

Acast. Would I had been absent when this boist'rous
Brave

Came to disturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just Resentment — But *Monimia* —

Cast. Damn her.

Acast. Don't curse her.

Cast. Did I?

Acast. Yes.

Cast. I'm sorry for't.

Acast. Methinks, as I guess the Fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.

What has she done?

[*give me.*

Cast. That she's my Wife, may Heav'n and you for-

Acast. Be reconcil'd then.

Cast. No.

Acast. Go see her.

Cast. No.

Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.

Cast. No.

Acast. For my Sake,

Castalio, and the Quiet of my Age:

Cast. Why will you urge a Thing my Nature starts

Acast. Pr'ythee forgive her.

[*at?*

Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.

I tell you, were she prostrate at my Feet,

Full of her Sex's best dissembled Sorrows,

And all that wond'rous Beauty of her own,

My Heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My Lord, where are you? Oh *Castalio*!

Acast. Hark.

Flor. Oh shew me quickly where's *Castalio*?

Acast. Why what's the Business?

Flor. Oh the poor *Monimia*!

Cast. Hah!

Acast.

Acast. What's the Matter?

Flor. Hurry'd by Despair,
She flies with fury over all the House,
Through every Room of each Apartment, crying,
Where's my *Castalio*? Give me my *Castalio*!
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted.

Cast. Ha? will she? Does she name *Castalio*?
And with such Tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely Mourner. Oh my Father!

Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy Purpose.

Cast. I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul in Sadness,
And be a Man; my Heart will not forget her.
But do not tell the World you saw this of me.

Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy Love.

Cast. Oh! I will throw my impatient Arms about her,
In her soft Bosom sigh my Soul to Peace,
'Till through the panting Breast she finds the Way
To mould my Heart, and make it what she will.

Monimia! Oh!

[Exit *Acast.* *Cast.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me Room,
I will not rest till I have found *Castalio*,
My Wish's Lord, comely as rising Day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known.
Flowers spring up where'er he treads, his Eyes,
Fountains of Brightness, chearing all about him!
When will they shine on me?—Oh stay my Soul!
I cannot die in Peace 'till I have seen him.

Castalio Re-enters.

Cast. Who talks of dying with a Voice so sweet,
That Life's in Love with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
So in a Camp, tho' at the Dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful Noise is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Rest,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?

Cast.

Cast. Here, my Love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cast. Have I been in a Dream then all this While?
And art thou but the Shadow of *Monimia*?
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few past Hours,
We might be happy.

Cast. Is't then so hard, *Monimia*, to forgive [thee?
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores
For I must love thee, though it prove my Ruin.
Which Way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And satisfy the lovely Pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee.
Yet pry'thee, Tyrant, break not quite my Heart,
But when my Task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

Mon. If I am dumb, *Castalio*, and want Words
To pay thee back this mighty Tenderness;
It is because I look on thee with Horror,
And cannot see the Man I have so wrong'd.

Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee?

Cast. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the Dark, *Castalio*;
But wilt ere long stumble on horrid Danger.

Cast. What means my Love?

Mon. Could'st thou but forgive me; —

Cast. What?

Mon. For my Fault last Night: Alas, thou can'st not.

Cast. I can, and do.

Mon. Thus crawling on the Earth
Would I that Pardon meet; the only Thing
Can make me view the Face of Heav'n with Hope.

Cast. Then let's draw near.

Mon. Ah me!

Cast. So in the Fields,
When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,

The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking when Danger's past to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such Degrees approach;
Till joining thus they bill, and spread their Wings,
Murmuring Love, and joy their Fears are over.

Mon. Yet have a Care, be not too fond of Peace,
Left in Pursuance of the goodly Quarry,
Thou meet a Disappointment that distracts thee.

Cast. My better Angel, thee, do thou inform me,
What Danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why did'st thou (pr'ythee smile and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent Desires;
The dropping Dews fell cold upon my Head,
Darkness enclos'd, and the Winds whistled round me;
Which with my mournful Sighs made such sad Musick
As might have mov'd the hardest Heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my Cries, and senseless of my Pains?

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear Enquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my Face that speaks
Wonderful Change, and Horror from within me?

Cast. Then there is something yet which I've not
known.

What dost thou mean by Horror, and Forbearance
Of more Enquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me:
And don't betray me to a second Madness.

Mon. Must I?

Cast. If lab'ring in the Pangs of Death,
Thou would'st do any Thing to give me Ease,
Unfold this Riddle e'er my Thoughts grow wild,
And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me.

Mon. My Heart won't let me speak it; but remem-
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this, [ber,
We ne'er must meet again——

Cast. What means my Destiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne'er meet again!

Mon. No, never.

Cast. Where's the Power
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou

Thou art my Heart's Inheritance; I serv'd
A long and painful Slav'ry for thee:
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought Blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd, [you;
(With Torment I must tell it thee, *Castalio*)
Ever to be a Stranger to thy Love;
In some far distant Country waste my Life,
And from this Day to see thy Face no more.

Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst Enchant-
And never more shall find the Way to Rest; [ment,
But, oh, *Monimia*! art thou indeed resolv'd
To punish me with everlasting Absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already;
Me hinks I stand upon a naked Beach,
Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the Vessel sails away,
Where all the Treasure of my Soul's embark'd.
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those Eyes but speak,
I should know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their Beams upon me still;
Wilt thou not speak? if we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind Word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my Heart's breaking.

Mon. Ah, poor *Castalio*! [Ex. *Monimia*.

Cast. Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me; then thou wilt go eternally?
What means all this? Why all this Stir to plague
A single Wretch? if but your Word can shake
This World to Atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead and lay me so.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. To live, and live a Torment to my self,
What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition?
We've little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Cast. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My Brother *Polydore*?

Pol. My Name is *Polydore*.

Cast. Canst thou inform me—

Pol. Of what?

Cast. Of my *Monimia*?

Pol. No. Good day.

Cast. In haste:

Methinks my *Polydore* appears in Sadness.

Pol. Indeed, and so to me does my *Castalio*.

Cast. Do I?

Pol. Thou do'st.

Cast. Alas! I've wond'rous Reason;
I'm strangely alter'd, Brother, since I saw thee.

Pol. Why?

Cast. Oh! to tell thee would but put thy Heart
To Pain; let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly Bosom all my Follies;
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first:
Friends may be false. Is there no Friendship false?

Cast. Why do'st thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a false Friendship, when with open Arms
And streaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breast?
Oh, 'tis in thee alone I must have Comfort!

Pol. I fear *Castalio*, I have none to give thee.

Cast. Do'st thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh more than Life!

I never had a Thought of my *Castalio*
Might wrong the Friendship we had vow'd together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?

Cast. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this Mourning; this Disorder?

Cast. Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my Friend
Knows any Thing which he's ashamed to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy Thoughts from *Polydore*?

Cast

Cast. Oh! much too oft;
But let me here conjure thee.
By all the kind Affections of a Brother,
(For I'm asham'd to call myself thy Friend)
Forgive me.

Pol. Well, go on.

Cast. Our Destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love!
Thou, like a Friend, a constant, gen'rous Friend,
In its first Pangs did'st trust me with thy Passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my Pain with Smiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Cast. Still new Ways I study'd to abuse thee,
And keep thee as a Stranger to my Passion,
'Till Yesterday I wedded with *Monimia*.

Pol. Ah, *Castalio*, was that well done?

Cast. No; to conceal't from thee was much a Fault;

Pol. A Fault! when thou hast heard
The Tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Cast. How my Heart throbs?

Pol. First, for thy Friendship, Traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this Day I'll ne'er
Hold Trust or Converse with the false *Castalio*;
This, witness Heav'n.

Cast. What will my Fate do with me?
I've lost all Happiness, and know not why:
What means this, Brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, treach'rous Wretch,
Farewel.

Cast. I'll be thy Slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cast. Oh think a little what thy Heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the same Desires,
The same Aversions still employ'd our Thoughts:
Whene'er had I a Friend, that was not *Polydore's*?

Or *Polydore*, a Foe, that was not mine?
 Ev'n in the Womb we 'mbrac'd, and wilt thou now,
 For the first Fault, abandon and forsake me,
 Leave me amidst Afflictions to myself,
 Plung'd in the Gulph of Grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'lt find
 Repose; she has the Art of healing Sorrows.

Cast. What Arts?

Pol. Blind Wretch, thou Husband! there's a Queer-
 Go to her fulsome Bed, and wallow there,
 'Till some hot Russian, full of Lust and Wine,
 Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy Bargain.

Cast. Hold there, I charge thee.

Pol. Is she not a—

Cast. Whore?

Pol. Ay, Whore; I think that Word needs no ex-
 plaining.

Cast. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee:
 But let me tell thee, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd
 To find thee guilty of such low Revenge,
 To wrong that Virtue which thou could'st not ruin!

Pol. It seems I ly'e then?

Cast. Should the bravest Man
 That e'er wore conq'ring Sword, but dare to whisper
 What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of Lyars:
 My Friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn th' Evasion;
 Thou mean'st the worst; and he's a base-born Villain
 That said I ly'd.

Cast. Do, draw thy Sword, and thrust it thro' my
 Heart;
 There is no Joy in Life, if thou art lost,
 A base-born Villain!

Pol. Yes, thou never cam'st
 From old *Acasto*'s Loins; the Midwife put
 A Cheat upon my Mother, and instead
 Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
 Plac'd some coarse Peasant's Cub, and thou art he.

Cast. Thou art my Brother still.

Pol. Thou ly'st.

Cast.

Cast. Nay then: *[He draws.]*
Yet I am calm.

Pol. A Coward's always so.

Cast. Ah——ah——that stings home: Coward!

Pol. Ay, base-born Coward, Villain! *[thee.]*

Cast. This to thy Heart then, tho' my Mother bore
[Fight; Polydore drops his Sword and runs on Castalio's;]

Pol. Now my *Castalio* is again my Friend.

Cast. What have I done? my Sword in thy Breast.

Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of Men,
Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend.

Cast. Ye Gods we're taught that all your Works are
Justice:

Y're painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my Head?

Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns, here lies thy Fate, *Castalio*;
Th' are not the Gods 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee;
I've stain'd thy Bed; thy spotless Marriage Joys
Have been polluted by thy Brother's Lust.

Cast. By thee!

Pol. By me; last Night the horrid Deed
Was done, when all Things slept, but Rage and Incest.

Cast. Now where's *Monimia*? Oh!

Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a Voice
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at Feed before him.
But what means this? here's Blood.

Cast. Ay, Brother's Blood;
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting Pains?

Pol. Oh! let me charge thee by th' eternal Justice,
Hurt not her tender Life!

Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Pow'rs above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of Mind; and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise Cruelty upon her,
And wreak Revenge some Way yet never known.

Mon.

Mon. That Task myself have finish'd, I shall die
Before we part ; I've drank a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh she's innocent.

Cast. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a Wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Had'st thou, *Castalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne'er had happen'd ; hadst thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy :
But ignorant of that,
Hearing th' Appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou hadst outdone me in successful Love,
I in the Dark went and supply'd thy Place ;
Whilst all the Night, 'midst our triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her *Castalio*.

Cast. And all this is the Work of my own Fortune :
None but myself cou'd e'er have been so curst.
My fatal Love, alas ! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodly'st Frame the Gods e'er made,
Or ever human Eyes and Hearts ador'd.
I've murder'd too my Brother.
Why would'st thou study Ways to damn me further,
And force the Sin of Parricide upon me ?

Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent ;
Forgive the barbarous Trespas of my Tongue ;
'Twas a hard Violence ; I could have dy'd
With Love for thee, e'en when I us'd thee worst ;
Nay, at each Word that my Distraction utter'd,
My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas half Death to speak 'em.

Mon. Now, my *Castalio*, the most dear of Men,
Wilt thou receive Pollution to thy Bosom,
And close the Eyes of one that has betray'd thee ?

Cast. Oh, I'm th' unhappy Wretch, whose curst Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into Destruction with him ;
Why then thus kind to me ? [gotten,

Mon. When I'm laid low i'th' Grave and quite for-
May'st thou be happy in a fairer Bride ;
But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.

When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim Tyrant grasps my Heart already)
Speak well of me; and if thou find ill Tongues
Too busy with my Fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
'Twill be a noble Justice to the Memory
Of a poor Wretch once honour'd with thy Love.
How my Head swims; 'tis very dark. Good-night.

[Dies]

Cast. If I survive thee! what a Thought was that!
Thank Heav'n, I go prepar'd against that Curse.

Enter Chamont, disarm'd and seiz'd by Acasto and Servants.

Ch. Gape Hell, and swallow me to quick Damnation.
If I forgive your House, if I not live
An everlasting Plague to thee, *Acasto*,
And all thy Race. Y' have overpow'r'd me now;
But hear me, Heav'n!—Ah! here's the Scene of Death;
My Sister, my *Monimia*! Breathless!—Now,
Ye Pow'rs above, if ye have Justice, strike,
Strike Bolts thro' me, and thro' the curst *Castalio*.

Acast. My *Polydore*.

Pol. Who calls?

Acast. How can'st thou wounded?

Cast. Stand off, thou hot-brain'd, boist'rous noisy
Ruffian,

And leave me to my Sorrows.

Cham. By the Love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;

But here remain 'till my Heart burst with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish I charge thee, or— [Draws a Dagger.

Cham. Thou can'st not kill me;

That would be Kindness, and against thy Nature.

Acast. What means *Castalio*? Sure thou wilt not pull
More Sorrows on thy aged Father's Head.
Tell me, I beg you tell me the sad Cause
Of all this Ruin.

Pol. That must be my Task:

But 'tis too long for one in Pain to tell;

You'll

You'll in my Closet find the Story written
Of all our Woes. *Castalio's* innocent,
And so's *Monimia*! only I'm to blame;
Enquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind *Chamont*,
Unjustly has pursu'd me with thy Hate,
And sought the Life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble Vengeance,
Come join with me and curse.

Cham. What?

Cast. First thyself,
As I do, and the Hour that gave thee Birth:
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all Trust and Converse among Men;
'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism:
'Till all Things move against the Course of Nature;
'Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have Patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas or raging Fires! the Knaves
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe 'm,
Strip me of all the common Needs of Life,
Scald me with Leprosy, let Friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curst to the Degree
That I am now; 'tis this must give me Patience.
Thus I find Rest, and shall complain no more.

[Stabs himself.]

Pol. *Castalio*! Oh!

Cast. I come.

Chamont, to thee my Birth-right I bequeath:
Comfort my mourning Father, heal his Grievs;

[*Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.*]

For I perceive they fall with Weight upon him.
And for *Monimia's* Sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, Be kind to poor *Serina*.

Now

Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave
Thus with my Love. Farewel I now am—nothing.

[Dies.]

Cham. Take Care of good *Acasto*, whilst I go
To search the Means by which the Fates have plagu'd
'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain; [us,
It may afflict, but Man must not complain.

[Exeunt omnes.]



23

THE ORPHAN

Now will I beg, if I may, to give
To each the Means by which the Fate have
To follow, and to long to give
To each the Means by which the Fate have

EPILOGUE.

YOU'VE seen an Orphan ruin'd here; and I
May be the next, if old Acasto die:
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
Who 'tis would to the Fatherless be kind.
To whose Protection might I safely go? ||
Is there among you no Good-nature? No.
What shall I do? Should I the Godly seek,
And go a Conventicling twice a Week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane Pollution,
Affect each Form, and Saint-like Institution;
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
Or shall I (as I guess the Poet may
Within these three Days) fairly run away?
No; to some City Lodgings I'll retire;
Seem very grave, and Privacy desire;
'Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
Fled to escape a cruel Guardian's Hands:
Which may produce a Story worth the telling,
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.



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